Vegas Flagg

Those who are threatened by the successes of others instead of encouraged by what is possible to accomplish are the enemy of Us:

Them.

This is the litmus test in the upcoming world war that differentiates human from human-shaped monster.

Arm yourself.

Practice your aim.

See you on the battlefield.

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The title is a combination of influences.

The first sentence was written after once again - as is almost always the case - sending a text message to one of two people I ever wish to communicate with and instead receiving back what is obviously the soulless, hollow, wasted remnant of potential that she is currently living with pretending to be her, as he has for over fifteen years.

He calls himself Vegas.

The weak, ultra-light, watered down, fizzy piss yellow beer version of the embarrassment to the human species and the male gender in Michigan who may very well have murdered my friend of thirty-nine years, who calls itself Randle when he isn't stealing others' identities both on and offline.

In Stephen King's epic novel, The Stand, which I read during a summer as a kid when the then newly expanded, extra hundreds of pages version hit store shelves, the main antagonist is named Randall Flagg, who builds a post-apocalyptic population center on the ruins of Las Vegas. Even though the paperback was thicker of spine than my similar-sized dictionary, it was $7.99 on sale.